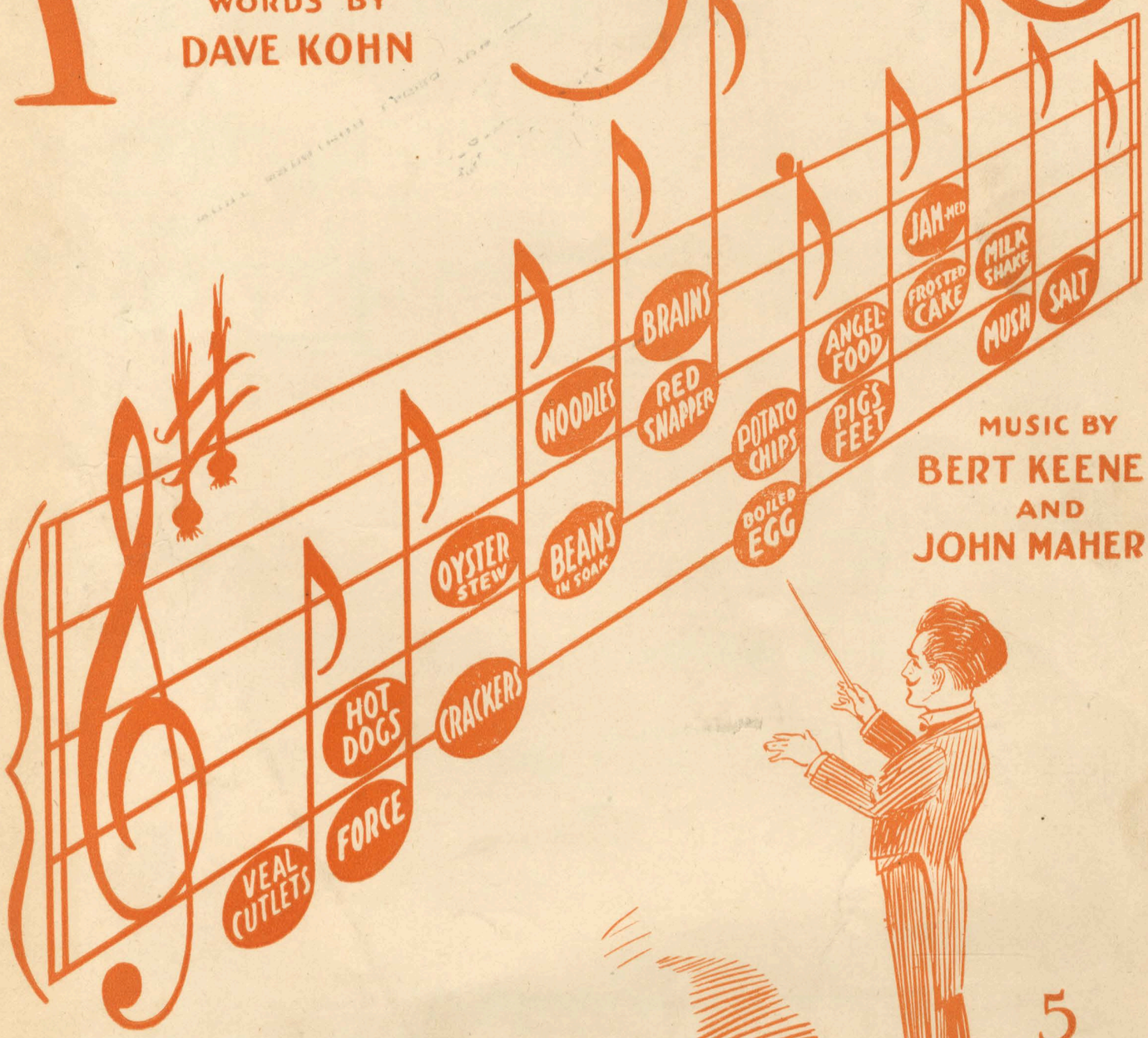
Food Song

WORDS BY
DAVE KOHN



MUSIC BY
BERT KEENE
AND
JOHN MAHER

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5

TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO.

"That's the kind of a Guy I am"

By DAVE KOHN and BERT KEENE

Tempo di Valse

f

VOICE

I am not the guy who made the noo - dle, Nor
And I did - 'nt put the pull in pull - et,

p

did I bite the holes in Swit - zer cheese,
Nor in - sert the greece in - to the soup,

Nor did I in - vent the use - ful cor set,
I am not a saint tho' born in St. Loui - - is, Nor

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The Food Song.

Words by DAVE KOHN

HAROLD DIXON
BERT KEENE

Intro.

1

1 I'm goin' to join the ar - my, I have the nerve, of course, I'm
I've been twice a - round the world once a - round the news, I'm

bright from us - ing Sa - po - li - o and strong from us - ing Force, I'm
bring - ing on pro - hi - bi - tion yes by drink - ing all the booze, And

wise from eat - ing calves brains, have grit from eat - ing Grits, While
when I want to get wise I go down to the loop And

kid - ding with a kid - ney stew by a red snap-per I was bit,
cul - ti - vate my noo - dle by drink - ing noo - dle soup, I'm

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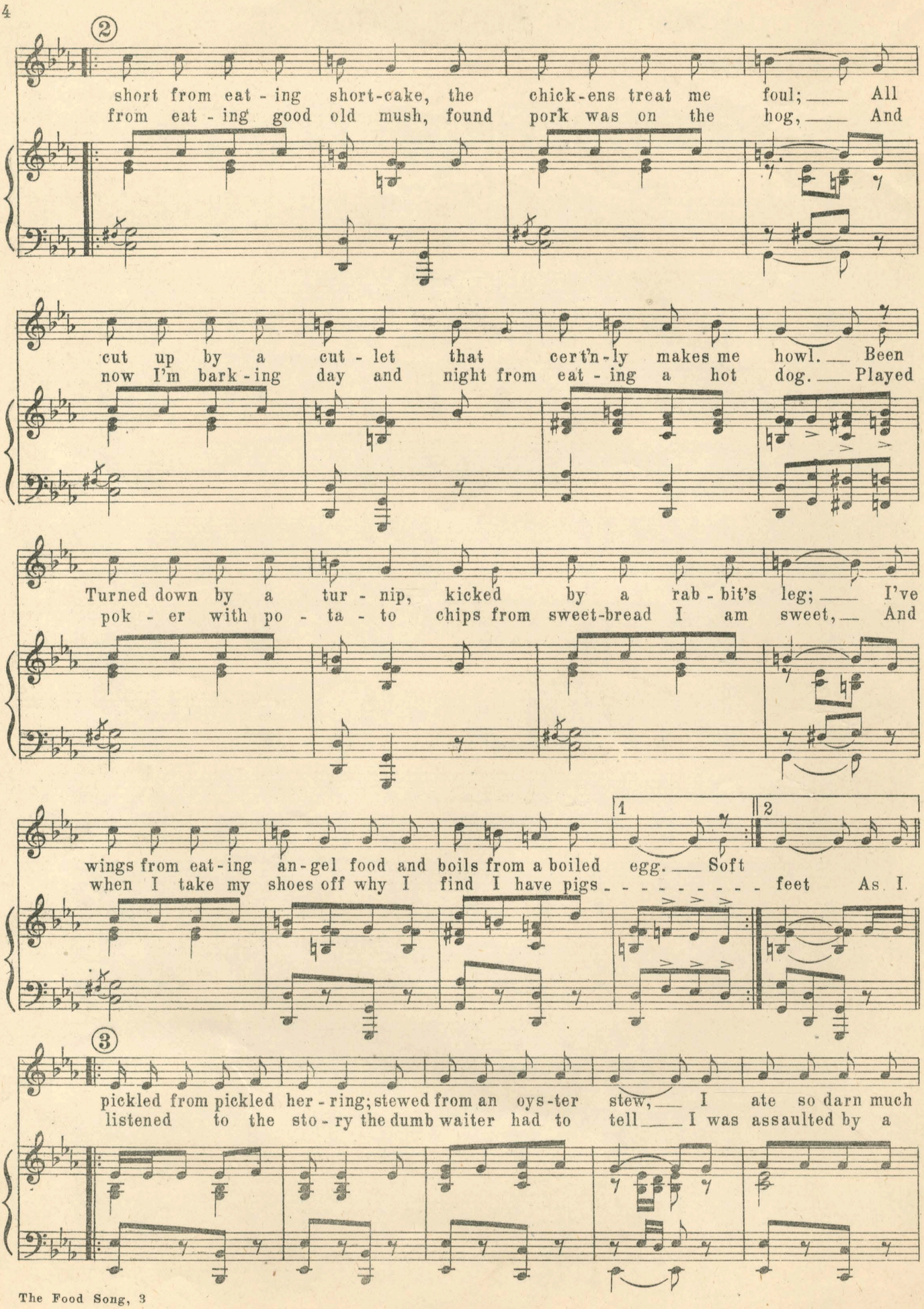
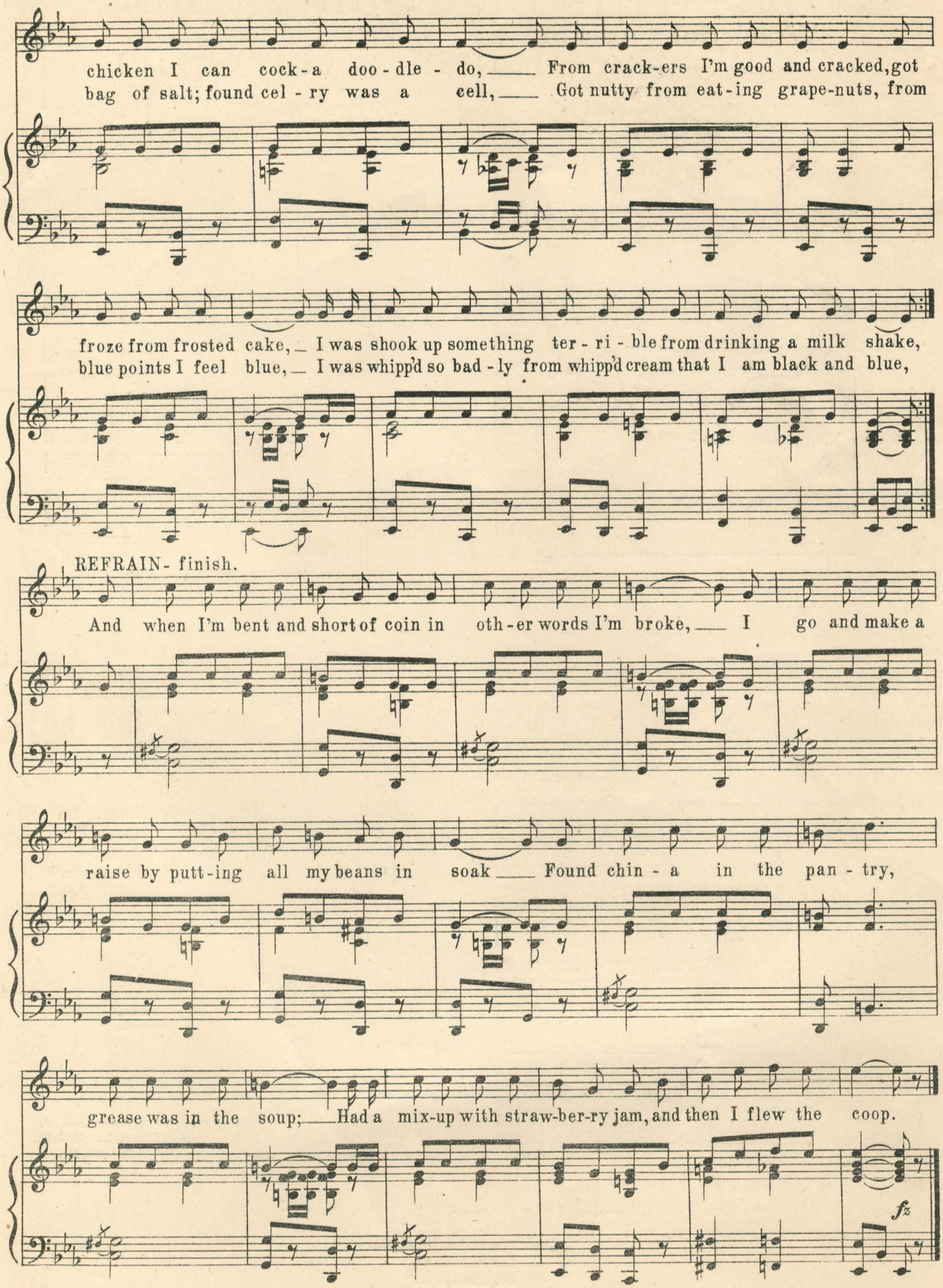
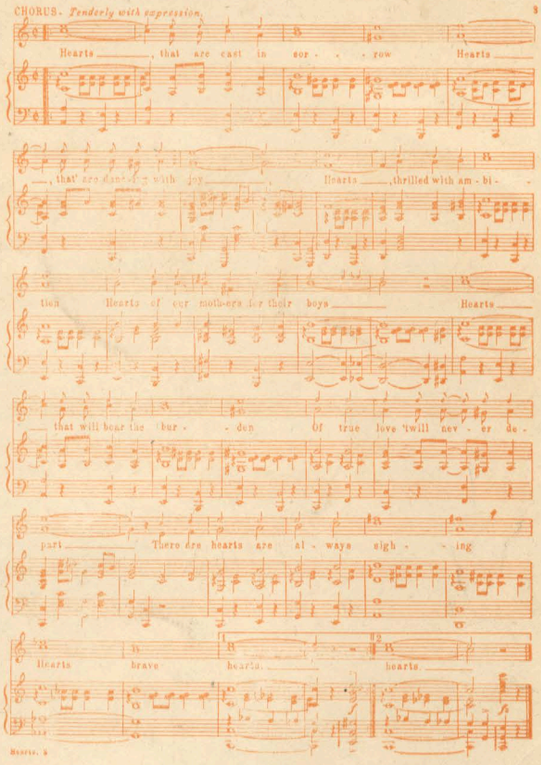
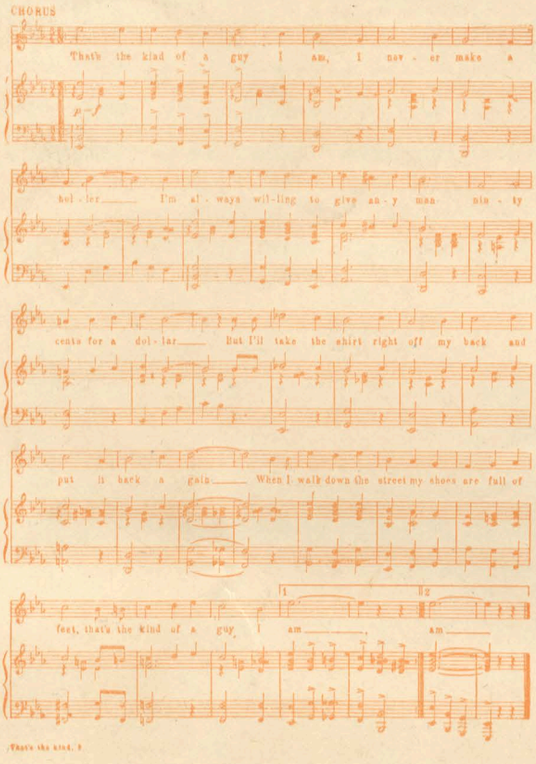

②
short from eat - ing short-cake, the chick-ens treat me foul; All
from eat - ing good old mush, found pork was on the hog, And
cut up by a cut - let that cert'n-ly makes me howl. Been
now I'm bark - ing day and night from eat - ing a hot dog. Played
Turned down by a tur - nip, kicked by a rab - bit's leg; I've
pok - er with po - ta - to chips from sweet-bread I am sweet, And
wings from eat - ing an - gel food and boils from a boiled egg. Soft
when I take my shoes off why I find I have pigs - - - - - - - - - feet As I
1
2
③
pickled from pickled her - ring; stewed from an oys - ter stew, I ate so darn much
listened to the sto - ry the dumb waiter had to tell I was assaulted by a


chicken I can cock-a doo-dle-do, From crack-ers I'm good and cracked, got
bag of salt; found cel-ry was a cell, Got nutty from eat-ing grape-nuts, from
froze from frosted cake, I was shook up something ter-ri-ble from drinking a milk shake,
blue points I feel blue, I was whipp'd so bad-ly from whipp'd cream that I am black and blue,
REFRAIN- finish.
And when I'm bent and short of coin in oth-er words I'm broke, I go and make a
raise by putt-ing all my beans in soak Found chin-a in the pan-try,
grease was in the soup; Had a mix-up with straw-ber-ry jam, and then I flew the coop.
fz

Powerful Ballad
Wonderful Fox-Trot





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Words by
Dave Kohn

Music by
Bert Keene
and
John Maher

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